

Nicholas II. of Russia in Colors with This Issue.

VOLUME XLV.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1905.

NUMBER 1182.

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Mad Club



MEDITATIVE.

"SOME OF THOSE YELLOW MEN, JONATHAN, ARE GETTIN' TO FEEL QUITE EASY IN THE WATER."
"PEARS LIKE IT, JOHN."
"THEY CAN KEEP UP STEAM, AND STEER, AND THEY'RE NOT SO BAD AT SHOOTIN'."
"PEARS LIKE IT, JOHN."
"NEXT THING THEY'LL BE SINGIN' 'MIKADO RULES THE WAVE!'"
"NOWISE ONLIKELY, JOHN."
"WELL, JONATHAN—"
"WELL, JOHN?"
"I WAS THINKIN', JONATHAN—"

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THE JOYOUS WAVES BREAK PLAYFULLY
AROUND HER DAINTY FEET.
THE MUSIC OF THEIR LAUGHTER
NEVER SOUNDED HALF SO SWEET.
YE GODS! TAKE ALL MY FORTUNE—
MAKE ME A BUBBLE LIGHT
TO BURST IN FOAM ECSTATIC
ABOUT THOSE ANKLES WHITE.

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TIME.
After Henry Hutt.
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\$1.50.

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"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."
After F. W. Read.
Photogravure, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00.

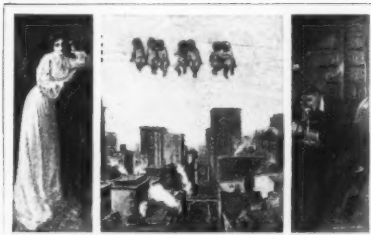
LIFE'S PRINTS

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THE HONEYMOON.
After C. Allan Gilbert.
Photogravure, 19 by 24 in.
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"SOMEBODY ON THE WIRE."
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After W. Balfour Ker.
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THE public is invited by advertisement and in other ways to patronize theatres. It has a right to know how those theatres are managed; whether they are safe or not; whether their arrangements are sanitary; what the character of the performance is, and, in addition, the capabilities of the performers.

To shut off public criticism would be a great injury to theatre-goers and to the dramatic profession as well. Criticism impels effort for

improvement and aids the advancement of the stage.

The Theatrical Trust would like to stifle adverse criticism. That is the spirit which animates all trusts. Having shackled the actor, it wants to gag the critic. Perhaps the Theatrical Trust would like its theatres to be conducted on the principle of the circus side-show, with "barkers" announcing the "wonderful things" the people must take on faith until they part with their money and go inside to see for themselves.

This is what comes of bringing down a great profession to the sordid basis of mere money-making. Unlike the days of strong competition, there is now no striving for great histrionic attainment. Productions of the Trust are lavishly staged, but they are of the kind which appeals more to the eye than to the mind and are not conducive to the development of high intellectual and emotional ideals.

It is always the cash box with the Trust. It stands upon the horizon of its vision and obscures every other object.—*Providence Telegram.*

The clubman's cigarette is Egyptian Deities. He finds it the accepted brand of his club; he finds it the unchanging preference of his friends; and for him no other cigarette affords the exquisite perfection of flavor and aroma, and an equal assurance of uniform quality.

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contain only the finest, purest, ripest Yacca leaf; aged, cured and handled throughout with infinite care and regardless of expense. Egyptian Deities never change in blend, and always afford the full packing and clear, even draught that comes only from the most skillful Egyptian workmanship.

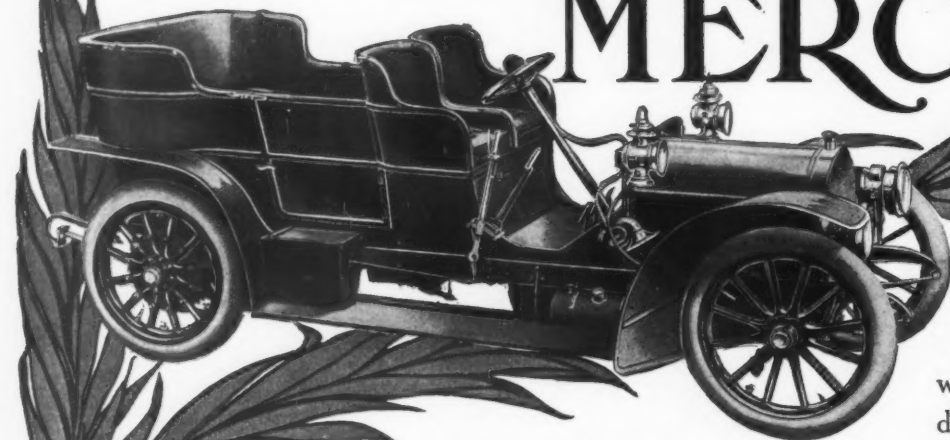
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S. ANARGYROS

· LIFE ·

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LIFE



OFF FOR EUROPE.
THE SECOND DAY OUT.

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE REINCARNATION OF THE
KNIGHT-ERRANT.

I KANNOT go too sea hur wensday nite,
mi lipp is sweld ann i hav hadd a fite
with shorrt weeks. he cawld hur pidgentoad,
ann thenn i wentt ann nockt him in thee rode
ann rold him inn thee dusst untill he sedd
heed taik itt back. butt wenn heez upp, instedd
he hitt me in thee fais with a bigg stick
wich hennry beamus cawls a kowurds trick
becuz we hadd kings X. ann hennry sez
noboddy wood doo thatt butt savvidges.

i look so funny wenn i tri too smile
wich i suppoas wil lasst foar kwite a wile.
ann wenn i ete mi meles ann haftoo choo
mi teath doant grind um like thay otto doo.
ime offle soar butt i doant kare att awl
becuz ile betchoo he woant nevur cawl



"Boule": YOU'RE A FORTUNATE PURP.
I WONDER WHAT PLANET PRESIDES OVER
YOUR DESTINY.

"Span": THE DOG-STAR, I BELIEVE!

hur pidgentoad agen. ino he stade
awa frum skool too daze heez so afrade.
Ann hennry sez heed ruther look like mee
thann be a savvidge ur be kowurdly.

inn oalden daze i wood uv bin a nite
with armer on ann redy foar a fite
moast enny time ann waiv mi bluddy sord
foar wimmens saiks nur ast foar a reword
eksept to kis thare hands wenn i hadd ledd
um up to ware thare ennemees lay dedd.
Ann thenn ide lift um up on mi black stede
ann ride away with um. ann iff ide blede
frum krewel woonds i woodunt never kair
iff i gott wun brite smile frum lady fare.

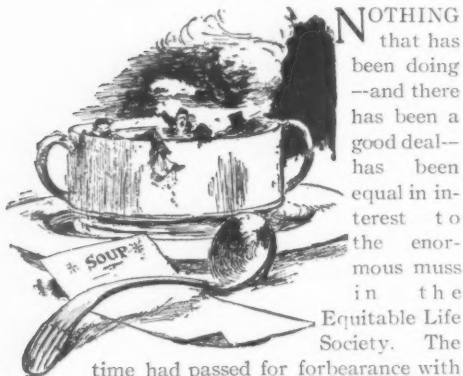
J. W. Foley.

IN the beginning the woman sits
down and waits for a husband; in
the end she *sits up* and waits for him.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. JUNE 23, 1905. No. 1182.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



NOTHING that has been doing—and there has been a good deal—has been equal in interest to the enormous muss in the Equitable Life Society. The time had passed for forbearance with the directors of that concern. No matter how many of them were dummy-directors, the power to manage that company had rested with them, and on them rested the responsibility for the pass to which its affairs had come. When, at the meeting of June 2, the Hyde and the Alexander directors got together and rejected the Frick report, patience ceased to be decent, let alone virtuous. Condemned by their own committee, the responsible officers of the society rejected its verdict. Public sentiment was then no longer at pains to make distinctions between Alexander and Hyde. It was flatly opposed to both. No director could afford after that to admit allegiance to either of these gentlemen. Every director who had a reputation to save was bound to stand for the policy-holders and for them only. Of course the curious provision by which a majority of the stock and voting power of the greatest life insurance company in the world came to be held by one small family, represented by one inexperienced young man, was a great mistake and misfortune, for which no one is to blame. But it was a mistake that could not be perpetuated.

No one man ought, or can hope to, control a great life insurance company by inheritance, purchase, or in

any way, except as the chosen representative of its policy-holders, and responsible to them. Mr. Hyde fell heir to an impossible inheritance. If he had been a self-contained, self-effacing, prudent man he might have rubbed along with it a long time. But to assert his rights was to demonstrate the absurdity of them. There was nothing for him to do but what he finally did: to get out on the best terms he could, receiving fair compensation for what he gave up, but relinquishing forever his control of stock. The stock had to go to the policy-holders in some way or other. Nothing less could restore to the company the public confidence that is indispensable to its prosperity.



NOBODY has explained how Mr. Harriman came to sign the Frick report. Possibly it suited him. Possibly he found it necessary to keep up with the procession he was in. There were first-rate men on the Frick Committee. It seems evident that a majority of them resolved to make a real report. And they did. The voice was the voice of Frick, but the hand, rumor says, was the hand of Knox. It may not have been absolutely fair to individuals, but it was real. It meant business. And it was so strong and so able that it was certain to do the business it set out to accomplish. Most of the committeemen resigned, but they had done their duty by the policy-holders, and the vacancies they left were untenable except by men who represented the policy-holders.

What a wonderful, wonderful smash. And a salutary smash, too, in the long run. A cure seems to have come, and the whole business of life insurance will be safer and cleaner for this drastic treatment.

And it will impress on the community several truths that need driving home, as that the whole duty of man is not fulfilled by merely making some money, and that the first duty of respectability is to be affirmatively respectable. Besides all that, it gives all of us who are not directors valua-

ble emotions about our relative virtue; emotions which may, it is true, be not well founded, but which are pleasant while they last.



THE Czar is reluctant, it seems, to make peace. The Czar can take his time about it and make up his mind at his majestic leisure. Japan is still fighting Russian absolutism, and the longer peace is deferred the surer it is that Russian absolutism will be beaten down. One great result of Togo's victory is clearly to be the government of Eastern Asia by Asiatics. The other great result is to be the government of Russia by and for the Russians, and not by a Czar and a bureaucracy for themselves.



GOVERNOR VARDAMAN announces that the University of Mississippi cannot accept Uncle Andrew Carnegie's money, because it has been coined from the blood and tears of the toiling masses. The Governor has a fine turn for language, but he seems to us both over-fastidious and inaccurate. Uncle Andy coined the bulk of his superabundant dross out of Mr. John P. Morgan's Steel Sodality. Mr. Morgan may have snuffled some, but he had to come down, and did come down, and shed neither blood nor unmanly tears about it. Of course the tariff helped vastly to put Uncle Andrew in a position to squeeze Uncle Morgan's Corp., and the railroads helped, too, but still that money was fairly good money as money goes, and Governor Vardaman's university might better have taken it. Governor Vardaman, we suspect, would rather relieve his mind with language any day, than take in money for his State University.



Sanctum Talks.

"GOOD MORNING, LIFE. May I come in?"

"Why, how are you, Mr. Rockefeller? Glad to see you. This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Well, the fact is, I've—are we alone?"

"Quite so. You can speak freely."

"Well, LIFE, I've been misrepresented."

"Indeed! In what way?"

"In every way. You see, I was getting so many hard knocks, and from clergymen, too, who ought to have kept their hands off, that it hurt me, and I got Dodd to answer them."

"And Dodd?"

"Dodd only made things worse. His explanations didn't explain."

"Let's see, Mr. Rockefeller. You're president of the Standard Oil?"

"Yes."

"And you made about four hundred or five hundred millions out of it?"

"Yes."

"And when you offered a small slice of this to certain finicky folks, they kicked about taking it, because it was tainted?"

"That's it."

"But they took it."

"They did."

"And you feel that you've been ill-treated?"

"Exactly."

"What would you suggest?"

"I want to explain to you just how it was."

"Good. That's what I've wanted to know for a long time."

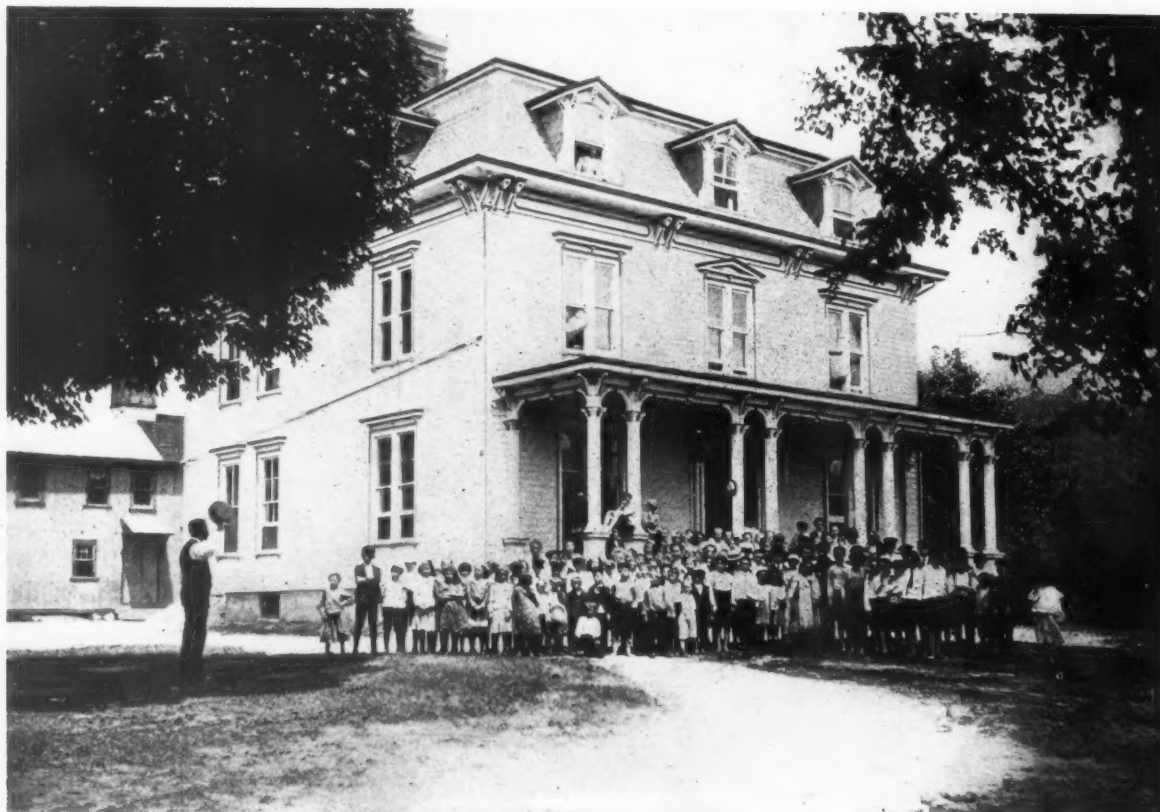
"Well, you see it was like this. I robbed the people!"

"What!"

"That's right."

"I struck a big idea at the proper psychological moment and I oiled it up by secret rebates. Result—a cinch."

"You admit it?"



LIFE'S FRESH-AIR FARM IS NOW OPEN.

"No one around?"

"None."

"I do. Widows and orphans had to stand from under. Competitors had to go to the wall. I was the first in the field, and of course I had the biggest rake-off."

"Mr. Rockefeller, you astound me. I thought you were a modest, simple, cheerful, God-fearing man, with a deep sense of justice, who found himself the possessor of great wealth, much against his will."

"Nonsense! I'm an old reprobate. I know it. I've set an example to all the other trusts, and a whole train of evils has followed in my wake. But, LIFE, here's the point."

"Go on!"

"I'm no worse than the best of them and no better than the worst of them. Only I've succeeded. And it pains me"—

"Ah, I see. It pains you to be criti-

cised by the very ones who envy you."

"That's it. It's cruel. It's unjust. Don't you think so?"

"I do indeed, Mr. Rockefeller. It's too bad. It's a shame. You have my sympathy."

"Really, LIFE?"

"Really."

"Well, that's something."

"Don't mention it. Drop in any time when you have anything on your mind."

"Thank you, LIFE. Er—what was that noise?"

"Nothing—nothing. I merely told the cashier that when you had gone he could open up the safe. Good morning."

"G—good morning, LIFE."

"WHY does a woman always get off a car backward?"

"Because she's never quite sure she may not change her mind and want to get on again."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Balance.....	\$1,812.33
Spunk.....	5.00
15th Annual Subscription to Fresh-Air Fund.....	500.00
	<hr/> \$2,317.33

LIFE'S thanks go to the Pillsbury-Washburn Co. for a barrel of flour, and to the American Cereal Co. for a case of Quaker Oats, all of which will get to the right spots and be fully appreciated.

All Right.

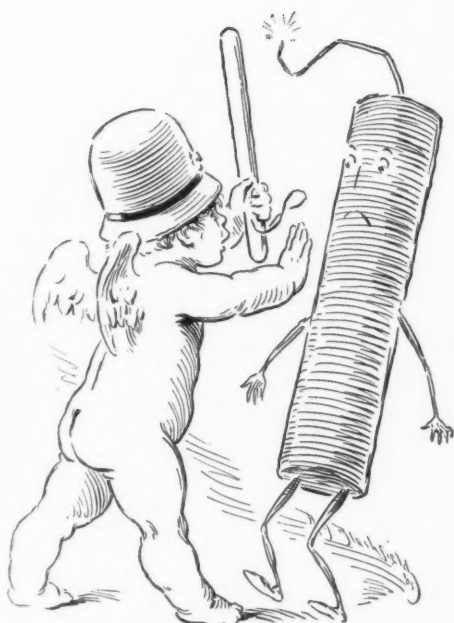
"IT'S a beautiful world!" exclaimed the caddie, enthusiastically.

"Yes," said Mr. Rockefeller, looking appreciatively about. "I don't know that I ever owned a better one."

"SO the jury gave Dolly fifty dollars a week alimony?"

"Yes. She says it feels so good not to be dependent on a man for one's income."

The National Festival.



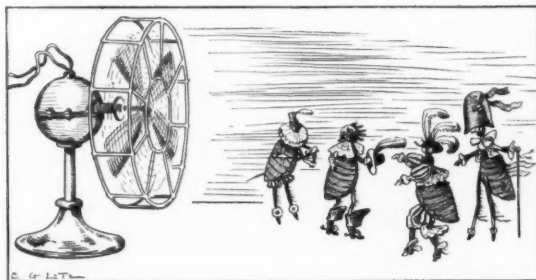
A LEARNED professor at Lehigh University, having devised a cannon which makes a loud report without danger of bursting, emits a great flash of innocuous flame, and may be fired 5,000 times at an expense of 5 cents, confidently expects, if the telegraph has it right, that this contrivance will do away with the cannon cracker casualties of the Fourth of July. It is hard to think of an American misconceiving so completely the spirit of the great day.

Of course necessity is the precise antithesis of liberty, and an implement wherewith a boy might not, by any possibility, kill or maim himself, but must necessarily escape unscathed, would import into the celebration of liberty's natal day an element most incongruous and

depressive of proper enthusiasm. No undestructive explosion, however clangorous, no flash of harmless flame, however vivid, will ever express the feelings which swell the breast of patriotic youth, and press for utterance on that day of days.

As for the thing being fired 5,000 times for 5 cents, this circumstance renders it less rather than more fit. Tradition lends no encouragement to parsimony here, nor is a grateful people likely to forget that an unexampled material prosperity is the particular heritage of the illustrious epoch which we commemorate.

It will be a day of evil augury to our national selfhood when boys cease to blow their money in and themselves up on the Fourth of July.



OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

FANCY FLEES (FLEAS) AFORE THE WIND.

A Study in Heredity.

REMNANT of peoples, long gone by—
One grand-dame's hair—another's eye;
Somebody's feet with hands to match—
From head to toe made up of patch—
A nose I like not—chin the same—
With cast-off traits and threadbare name:
Born to a fate I'd sometimes shirk—
Working at work which oft won't work—
Over one thought I puzzle a lot—
Did I get a bargain—or did I not?

E. C.

Popular.

"WHAT ever became of Dolly Jones?"
"She is getting a thousand dollars a week on the stage."
"Goodness! Whom did she kill?"



A BLACK AND WHITE PORTRAIT.

Through Ticket.

A MARRIED woman should continue matched.
Her social pass reads: "Not good, if detached."

A Larger Circulation.

MRS. LUVNEUSE: I've a good mind to write up that scandal next door, and put it in *The Trumpet*.

MRS. SHARPE: I wouldn't. We'll mention it to Miss Leggitt, the dressmaker—it will reach more people.

Easy.

FIRST SHIPWRECKED MARINER: This is a bully island. We must get rid of these natives as soon as possible, so we can own it ourselves.

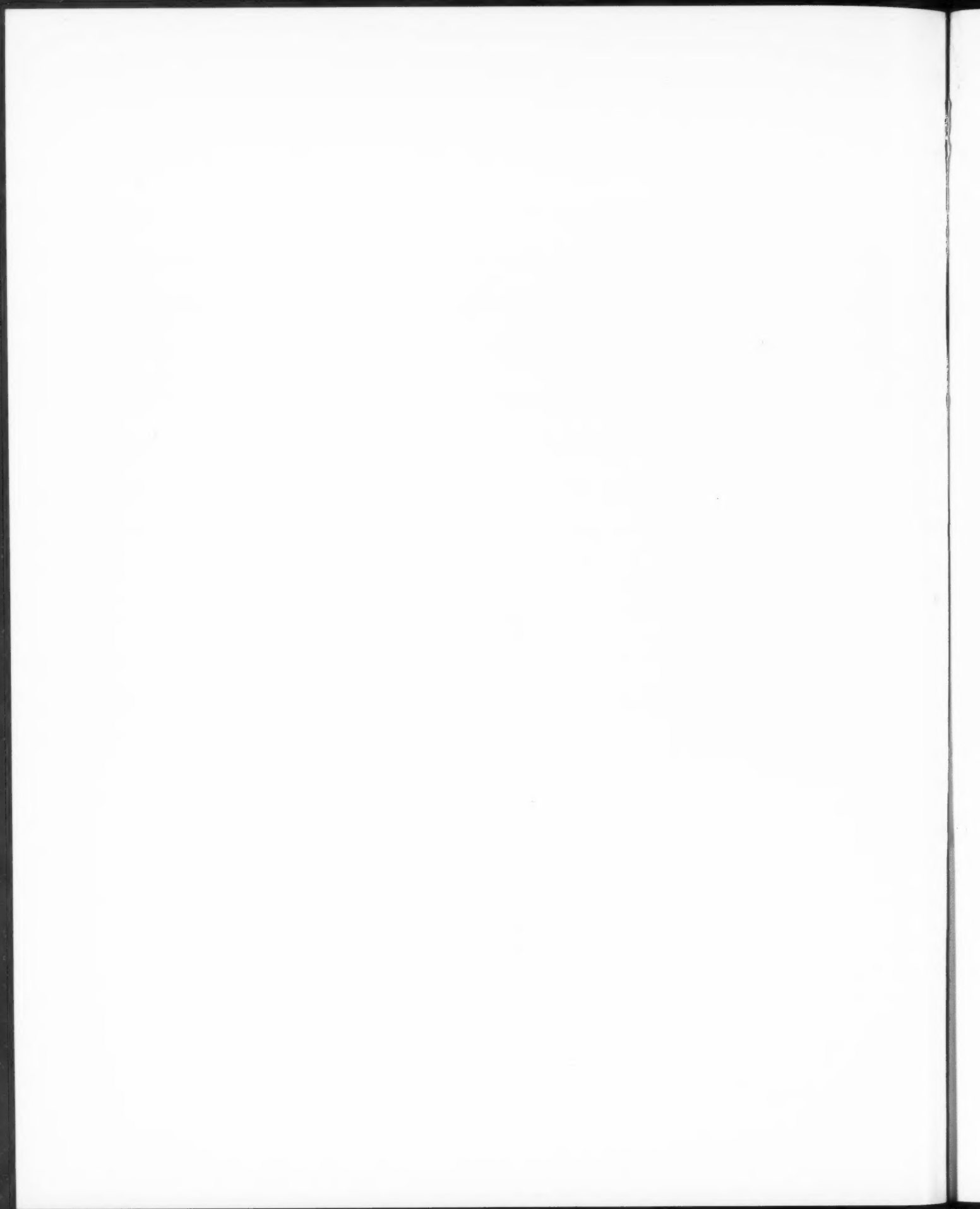
SECOND SHIPWRECKED MARINER: But how?

"Easy. We've saved enough from the wreck to feed them all on health foods."



LIFE

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THE HONEYMOON

More About John P. Haines.



HAD Mr. John Mason Knox, Secretary of the S.P.C.A., a sense of humor he never could have written the defense of its president, Mr. John P. Haines, that is now in circulation.

Or is Mr. Knox sarcastic?

He says,

The President of this Society should be what its illustrious and honored founder was: a man of enthusiasm; of warm and sympathetic nature; active, zealous, untiring in the ministrations of mercy. For these has Mr. Haines been noted throughout his fifteen years of service.

It happens to be common knowledge that during the last fifteen years of offensive mismanagement of the New York S. P. C. A., Mr. Haines has built for himself a solid and enduring reputation for arrogance, selfishness and comprehensive inefficiency. As for lovers of animals, their detestation and contempt is continually finding open expression in the public journals.

For his faithful and fearless discharge of the duties of his office, and for the unselfishness with which, declining a salary, he has given the prime of his life and its best years to a high and noble cause, etc.

Declining a salary!

Tell us more about that. Publish,

for variety's sake, a detailed, business-like statement of the finances of the Society. Those of us who contribute would like to know how the one hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year is distributed.

This body has a right to say, and to expect the public to believe, that the funds committed to its care for the protection of animals will continue to be as prudently administered in the future as in the past.

An impertinence, brazen and foolish. The public does *not* believe the funds are "prudently administered." "This body" knows the public has suspicions, yet no new light is ever shed upon these mystic finances.

For unintentional sarcasm, however, we commend the following:

No man ever entered with more zeal or with more loyal fidelity upon a work originated by another man than Mr. Haines did in taking up the work of Mr. Bergh; and for fifteen years he has carried that work on with a success at which Mr. Bergh himself, if he could see it, would wonder and rejoice.

He might wonder, but there would be no rejoicing. He might wonder how the money was spent, and at Mr. Haines's callous indifference to suffering animals and to public indignation. He might, of course, rejoice that lovers of dumb animals had at last risen up in anger and were demanding an accounting.

Mr. Knox tells us in this incredibly mendacious and saccharine pamphlet that Mr. Haines

has raised an income, exclusive of bequests, of less than twenty-seven thousand dollars in 1888 to more than one hundred and eight thousand dollars, likewise exclusive of bequests, in 1903; and, under his administration, the value of the assets of the Society has been increased by more than one hundred and fifty per cent.

Why, then, in all this prosperity, does the Society employ but twenty-two agents with power to make arrests? Where goes the balance of the income of "more than one hundred and eight thousand dollars"?

For necessary expenses in crushing out other societies? For printing unconvincing pamphlets in defense of its president? For the maintenance of that one hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar establishment, that the cherished Haines may be installed according to his merits?

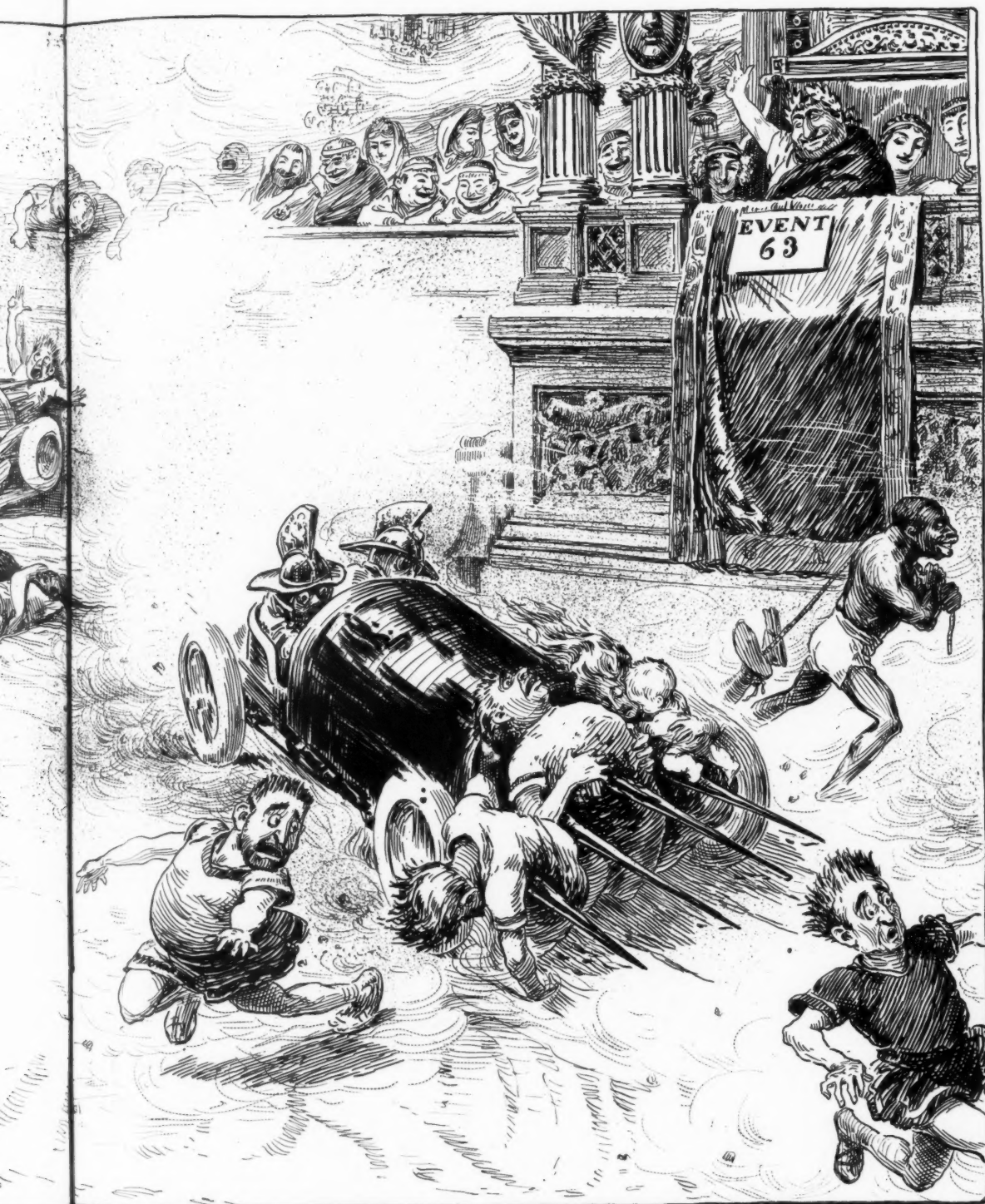
Impunity.

YOU may break all commandments in the code, Provided that you do it *à la mode*.

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IF NERO HADLY KNO



Under Warrant of Arrest.



WHEN LIFE went to press last week it was able to inform its readers that Magistrate Pool had held twenty-four theatrical managers for trial on the charge that they had conspired to drive LIFE's dramatic critic from the pursuit of his lawful calling.

The evening after the decision had been handed down, the writer presented himself at the door of the Knickerbocker Theatre, duly provided with paid tickets of admission. In face of a judicial holding that they were presumably guilty of the crime of conspiracy, the proprietors of the theatre persisted in their course of exclusion.

* * *

WITH the jaunty *insouciance* which a Trust manager affects when he is making a bluff, the accused managers assumed to pooh-pooh Magistrate Pool's decision as a matter of no importance and proceeded to take their own time and their own way of meeting the court's edict. They relied on their political and other influence and forgot that in America there is no aristocracy, even in crime. In defense of the dignity of his court, Magistrate Pool insisted that these men should be arraigned before him and give bail as would any other alleged criminals. Finding their bluff called, the majority of the defendants had to come into court and furnish bail to appear for trial. Daniel Frohman, Marc Klaw and Heinrich Conried were not in the jurisdiction of the court and warrants were issued for their arrest.

One of the managers did not give bail and was consequently arrested and committed to the Tombs. Later on he was brought before Justice John Proctor Clarke of the Supreme Court on a writ of *habeas corpus* and paroled in the custody of his lawyer until June 19th, when arguments will be heard under a writ of *certiorari*. The petition of the arrested manager on which these writs were obtained shows the contention of the managers, and will be found more or less interesting by those readers of LIFE who have followed the course of LIFE's fight for its rights.

* * *

HE first alleges:

"That while a number of the members of said association (the Managers) were together your petitioner called their attention to scurrilous, libelous and malicious attacks made by one James S. Metcalfe, upon some of the members of said association, affecting their personal integrity and holding their religion up to ridicule."

He claims that he did this by introducing the following statement:

"The attention of this association is called to the following matter: 'A certain writer in a certain periodical has for the past ten years persistently and without just cause libeled in its columns a large portion of our theatregoers and attacked the personal integrity of mem-

bers of this association. Its continued malicious, vile and unjustifiable attacks upon those of the Jewish faith are unwarranted, and as it may affect our business interests should receive attention from all managers.

"For their so-called criticism on plays or business methods we make no mention—that does not concern us and is without our province—but when they persistently and for no discernible just cause (but a personal feeling perhaps) make a butt of one's religion—be his faith what it may—then some action should be taken to give confidence and support and to take necessary steps to prevent our business interests being injured.

"I deem it but fair to say that this paper has been presented without the knowledge of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, and is for such individual action as managers may see fit to take."

Doubts were raised at the hearing before Magistrate Pool as to whether this was really the so-called "resolution" which was presented at the managers' meeting of January 12th, and which resulted in the exclusion of LIFE's critic. There had been ample time to destroy the original resolution and substitute any other which would make an impression on the court and the public. Of course no member of the Theatrical Trust would be guilty of such a substitution, and, as the wording of the document doesn't make much difference in the prosecution, it may be regarded simply as an artistic piece of attempted whitewashing.

It makes, however, the false and often refuted charge that LIFE has attacked the religious faith of the Jews. LIFE has never attacked the religion of any man or body of men. Recognizing that certain members of the Trust are Jews, in the sense that they bring into prominence in their dealings unworthy Jewish traits, it has not been afraid to say so. Co-religionists of their own have disowned the Jews who are prominent in the Theatrical Trust, so that this religious question was dragged into the discussion only to divert attention from the real things for which LIFE had criticised them, and with which the entire American public is familiar.

* * *



REFERRING to the subsequent exclusion of LIFE's representative, he alleges

"That the said exclusion (if any) was entirely voluntary on the part of the individual managers or proprietors of theatres, and no compact or agreement was shown in any of the proceedings heretofore referred to, to have been entered into by your petitioner or other members of said association, committing them to or requiring them to exclude Metcalfe from any theatre; that upon an affidavit by Metcalfe setting



"NOW, WILL YOU COME ALONG?"

forth, as your petitioner is informed and believes, the presentation of the aforementioned statement to the said members, and the fact that Metcalfe was excluded from several of the New York theatres, proceedings were instituted charging that this petitioner and other members of said association were engaging in an unlawful conspiracy to prevent Metcalfe from exercising his alleged lawful calling, and in such proceeding testimony was adduced showing, as your petitioner is informed and verily believes, that your petitioner presented the statement hereinbefore referred to."

He next set forth in his petition that no resolution, compact or agreement was entered into by him and the other theatrical managers for the exclusion of Metcalfe "nor was any coercion, intimidation, threat or violence, or persuasion exercised by any of such members to induce such exclusion."

All of which shows a remarkable and highly interesting case of thought transference or telepathy. Previous to the managers' meeting of January 12th, LIFE's critic was admitted without question to every theatre in New York. After the managers had assembled on that date and expressed their horror of religious persecution, LIFE's critic found that, without any agreement on their part, he was uniformly refused admission to every one of the theatres under their control. As the defendant puts it, further along in his petition,

"Metcalfe was, by the purely voluntary action of the individuals controlling their own theatres, in several instances excluded from such theatres, and thereupon, without any testimony showing any conspiracy or combination to do an unlawful act or to do a lawful act by unlawful means, the Magistrate (Pool) did issue the mandate referred to."

Of course there wasn't any conspiracy. It was only a curious coincidence that the managers of forty-seven theatres should each one "by purely voluntary action"

have the same thought and do the same thing as a protest against "religious" persecution.



THIS explains what they really were doing:

"Your petitioner is informed and verily believes that he and the other members of said association had, as he is advised and verily believes, a constitutional right to peaceably assemble and inquire into and discuss matters affecting, or deemed by them to affect or pertain to their business or personal interests of any character, and to freely and peaceably give utter-



ance to their sentiments and judgment thereon.

"Your petitioner is informed and believes the alleged crime on which he is detained consists of having exercised and engaged in the right of such peaceable discussion of matters affecting your petitioner's interests."

It is too bad that a body of peaceable discussers like this should be suspected of framing up a plan to interfere with a fellow-citizen's rights. Perhaps they are the victims of unconscious cerebration. At all events, the Society for Psychical Research ought to get hold of this bunch of mind-readers and make them tell just how it was that without any suggestion, or agreement, or combination, or conspiracy, they all went away from that meeting and did the same thing—a thing no one of them had ever done before.

Metcalfe.

Quite Correct.

MANY editors, commenting on the fight between James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic of LIFE, and the Theatrical Syndicate, assume that the animus of the controversy is Mr. Metcalfe's dislike for the Jews. At this distance from the field of battle, such an assumption appears to be altogether wrong. Mr. Metcalfe has repeatedly denied the charge, and there is no good reason why his word should not pass current at its face value. That the Theatrical Syndicate is made up largely, or wholly, of Jews is true, but we have sufficient faith in Metcalfe's honesty to believe that he would have begun and prosecuted the fight just the same if the Syndicate had been composed of men of any other race or creed. An intelligent public can hardly do otherwise than give at least moral support to Mr. Metcalfe in his self-imposed task.—*Biddeford (Me.) Journal*.

THE New York theatrical managers are coming in for a touch of the strenuous LIFE.—*Sioux City Journal*.

"CRITIC METCALFE has put the theatrical managers in a box." And at the same time knocked them out of the box. Queer.—*Richmond (Va.) Leader*.



OTHELLO, AS INTERPRETED BY THE THEATRICAL TRUST.



IN *Broke of Covenden* J. C. Snaith has produced a satirical novel of modern English life which is strongly reminiscent, both in its good points and its bad, of the accepted literary style of fifty years ago. The hero is the head of a family of exalted traditions and reduced finances, ultra-British, ultra-conservative and ultra-thick-skulled. The numerous characters who enter into the drama are mostly types of the sporty or the would-be intellectual, of breeding decadent or of the upstart unbred. The author has a positive mania for dressing his ideas in verbal hoop-skirts. The ideas are excellent, but one of them can barely squeeze on to a page without mussing its dress. The book is a good novel and a caustic satire smothered in words.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, humorist, will be introduced to what one fears will prove an unappreciative audience by the publication of *The Celibates' Club*. The volume contains the united annals of the Bachelors' and the Old Maids' clubs, and consists of a clever foreword and six hundred pages of fun which has all the traditional ear-marks of British humor untainted by any extraneous influence. Mr. Zangwill has visited America. One would not suspect it. He wrote *The Children of the Ghetto*. The association is not evidenced by so much as a *jeu d'esprit*.

Readers of fiction, like the men of Athens, are eager inquirers for new things or, failing these, for old things in novel guise, and Charles D. Stewart's tale within a tale, *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, caters to the demand. The story is told by a one-legged tramp to the night watchman of a Memphis railroad yard; the Irish watchman is a character and his wife is another, while the blacksmith was a wandering and likeable jack-of-all-trades, who appeals to the adventurous nomad that lies latent in us all.

In the language of the day Elliott Flower may be said to have made a good literary graft out of the political article as it flourishes in Illinois. The eight stories, sufficiently connected to make a loosely consecutive history, which he publishes in *The Slaves of Success*, have about them a certain downright straightforward quality which adds the suggestion of an *exposé* to the interest of fiction, and is exactly suited to his subject.

Herman Whitaker has applied no such adaptive methods to his stories of the Canadian Northwest which appear in *The Probationer*. In spite of a comparatively new field and conditions which lend themselves freely to bold handling, his stories lack distinction and are quite devoid of invention. Indeed, they turn so entirely upon familiar and conventional little plots that they cannot even be called new wine in old bottles.

Mary Austin, whose pen has so alluringly interpreted the Western desert and recorded some of the legends of its inhabitants, has written a romance of the California missions which she calls *Isidro*. The tale and the telling of it have about them a leisurely, graceful, gossipy spirit, caught, one may think, from the time and the land whence the story is drawn, and herein lies its chief attraction. It is a book to shun when quick movement and a running

tale are wanted; to pick up and follow with pleasure in the siestas of summer days.

John Scudder McLain's *Alaska and the Klondike* is a very pleasantly written volume of information and impressions, profusely illustrated from photographs. Mr. McLain accompanied the Senatorial Committee of 1903 in their tour of the Territory and saw many things to which the less favored visitor would not have had access, although, doubtless, he also saw many things with their company manners on.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Broke of Covenden. By J. C. Snaith. (Herbert B. Turner and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The Celibates' Club. By Israel Zangwill. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Fugitive Blacksmith. By Charles D. Stewart. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Slaves of Success. By Elliott Flower. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The Probationer. By Herman Whitaker. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Isidro. By Mary Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Alaska and the Klondike. By John Scudder McLain. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$2.00.)

Easily Explained.

"PA, why do automobiles have numbers?"
"So that those who are run over may read."



SAID THIS AUTOIST GENT, "IS IT PROPER,
SINCE THAT OFFICER SHOUTED TO 'STOP HER!'
TO GRANT HIS REQUEST?
WITHOUT MEANING TO JEST,
TO DECIDE, I'LL JUST TOSS UP A 'COPPER.'"



LITTLE GLIMPSES OF MARRIED LIFE.

"TEN MINUTES LATE ALREADY."

"Move On!"

TIME is a policeman, don't you see?
Earth the celestial Bowery,
And Man the tramp of eternity.

An Ominous Prediction.

"That the motor car in fiction has come to stay is beyond all question."
—*The Bookman*.

LADY TRANMORE laid down the magazine with a heartfelt sigh. "This, my son," she said to William Ashe, "is the most tragic thing that could have occurred. The book heroes will no longer be murdered in cold blood; the book heroines will not fade away with the only diseases permissible to a real lady—consumption and heart disease. Instead, they will be mangled by the automobile.

"And," ominously shaking her head, "I shudder to think of your fate. It has not been a week since Kitty threw a lighted lamp in your face, and after the doctor had dressed your wounds she sat upon your knee, feeding you thin strips of bread and butter."

"Dear, dear little Kitty," murmured William Ashe, a reminiscent smile upon his lips.

"The moment she hears that motor cars have invaded fiction," pursued his mother, bitterly, "she will have one, and go chasing you all over the place."

"Dear little Kitty," smiled William Ashe, tenderly. "Her childish high spirits and love of excitement may lead her to grind my bones under the wheels of her machine. But what of it, mother?"

"Alas," cried Lady Tranmore, "if you were but a man, and not a Mrs. Humphry Ward prig, you would have given Kitty the spanking she deserves long ago."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

• LIFE •



BILL SIKES UP TO DATE.

Behind an adventitious tree
The modern burglar stands;
A lithe and sinewy figure he,
With kids upon his hands;
For thus he trumps the thumb-mark trick
Taught us by foreign lands.

His dress-suit bag contains the tools
With which his bread he earns—
Sheffield no finer instruments
From steel, well tested, turns.
His bag holds silent matches, too—
No other sort he burns.

His motor car's a stylish one;
His goggles and his mask
Provide him with a neat disguise
For his nefarious task.
What village constable would dare
To any questions ask?

Plotting, crib-cracking, moting off,
Onward through life he goes;
No burgling task's by him begun
Till he has planned its close—
Something attempted, some one "done,"
And not till then repose.

Thanks for the moral, burgling friend,
We from your acts collate;
Your strange experience one thing
Makes clear past all debate:
Whatever be our walk in life,
We must be up to date!

—London Truth.

HOLDING THEM DOWN.

"Talking of some long speeches at public dinners," said a Tammany sachem, "reminds me of Richard Croker. Ex-Tax Commissioner Shea was complaining at the Democratic Club one night that William Sulzer had wrecked the programme of one of his meetings by talking for an hour when he had asked for only five minutes.

"Croker asked Shea: 'Why did you let him?'

"To Shea's reply that nobody could stop Sulzer, Croker said:

"We had an effective method in the old days. The front row of seats was occupied by men who were armed with sponges. Within reach of them was a pail filled with water. When they thought the speaker had said enough, or hadn't made good, in

their opinion, they dipped the sponges in the pail, and at the word fired them at the speaker like so many shells. I never knew it to fail in bringing a speaker to a full stop. The knowledge that the sponges were there and the sight of the pail of water was usually enough to keep the speakers within bounds. It was a good plan."—New York Sun.



(From the Forty Track News.)

THE AUTO-CRACK OF THE AFTER-DINNER TABLE.
AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF CHESTNUTS COMES WITH IT.
THEY ARE CRACKED WITH A SIDE-SPLITTING ACTION.
PROPERTY OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

REPAITEE.

At a literary dinner two minor poets were heard in conversation.

"I saw your spring poem in the 'Blank Magazine,'" said one.

"Did you?" said the other.

"Yes; and I heard rather a neat compliment passed on it by a young lady."

"What did she say?"

The first minor poet laughed.

"Why," he replied, "she wanted to know if I had written it."—Tit-Bits.

BOO BAH.

Lew Fields relates that once, when he was with the Weber & Fields organization, he wired on from Omaha to the manager of the Atchison (Kan.) theatre where the company was to appear: "Would like to hold a rehearsal at your house at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Have your stage manager, stage carpenter, assistant stage carpenter, property man, chief electrician, and all stage hands at the theatre promptly at that hour." Three hours later Mr. Fields received the following reply from the Atchison manager: "All right. He will be there."—The Argonaut.

THE HARDEST JOB.

Every man thinks his own is the really hardest job.

The really hardest job, however, is that of the hero in a modern novel.

These are the performances of one hero in one chapter of a recent novel:

His countenance fell.

His voice broke.

His heart sank.

His hair rose.

His eyes blazed.

His words burned.

His blood froze.

Now, how would you like to be that hero?—Detroit News.

A SURE THING.

"What," asked the young physician, "is the secret of your success?"

"I make it a rule to find out what a patient wants to do," answered the wise old doctor, "then I order him to do it."—Chicago News.

DEFINED.

INSTRUCTOR (at night school): What is trigonometry?

NEW BOY: It's a man that's been married three times.—Chicago Tribune.

POOR BACON.

Schoolboy stories have been trotted out a lot of late, but the following is reasonably fresh: At an examination, among the questions asked was: "With what crime was Lord Bacon charged?" To which the hopeful youth responded, as if by inspiration: "With writing Shakespeare's plays."—Illustrated Bits.

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PROPERLY SEASONED.
It made the young recruit hot;
No wonder he was flustered.
The foeman peppered him with shot
Right after he was mustered.
—Philadelphia Press.

HIS WAY.

"Well, my friend, I never pay my old debts. I forget them."
"And your new ones?"
"Oh! I let them get old."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Good testimony in court—Jones Speedometer.

AN English servant of one of our great houses much astonished the family minister, who had called to make inquiries on the occasion of the birth of a child.

"Is it a boy?"
"No, sir."
"Oh! a girl?"
"No, sir."
The inquirer gasped, and the servant continued, with dignity:
"Madame has given birth to an heir."—*Smith's Magazine*.

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PROPER FEAR.

MOTHER: Have you eaten all your candy, without even thinking of your little sister?

TOMMY: Oh, no, mamma. I was thinking about her the whole time. I was afraid she would come before I had finished them.—*The Wasp*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

JONES: I tell you what you do if you suffer from sickness at sea: drink half a bottle of champagne at starting.

BROWN: Oh, I don't know. Champagne's such expensive stuff to—risk.—*The Wasp*.

If it's a Jones—then you may say SPEEDOMETER

TEARFUL MILK.

A lady was complaining to her dairyman some time ago about the quality of his milk. "Short o' grass feed, mum—short o' grass feed this time o' year," said the jocular milkman. "Bless you, them cows o' mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches 'em cryin'—regular cryin', mum—because they feel as how their milk don't do 'em credit. You don't believe it?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it," said the lady; "but I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our can."—*The Tatler*.

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AN UNLUCKY HORSE.

An Englishman was driving on an outside car in Dublin a few days ago. Noticing the horse looked worn out, he remarked to the jockey: "Well, Pat, that seems a very poor horse you have."

"Bedad, yer honor," came the reply, "he's worse than poor; he's the unluckiest horse iver was!"

"Indeed," replied the Englishman; "and may I ask why?"

"Well, now, Oi'll tell yer honor. For the last four mornin's Oi've tossed him whether he'd have his breakfast or Oi'd have a drink, and bedad Oi've won every toime!"—*The Tatler*.

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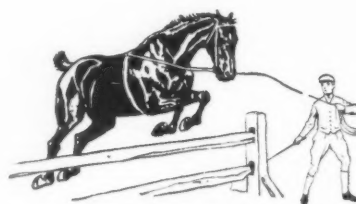
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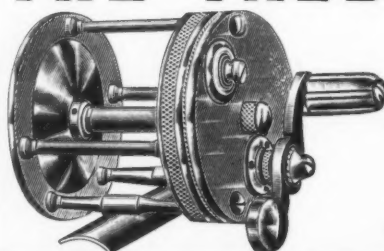
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· LIFE ·

A Common-Sense View.

THE case will raise squarely the question whether a critic has the right to tell the truth as he sees it about any performance in a theatre. That proposition seems fundamental. Nobody but managers drunk with power and blind with rage would have attempted to question it. This notion that the managers can dictate what shall be written about the amusements they offer to the public is one of many bad fruits of the monopoly of theatres in this country which the syndicate exercises.

So long as a writer helps the managers to induce people to pay good money for a cheap or worthless performance he is welcomed with both hands. The assumption back of the exclusion of Metcalfe was that when a writer gives the public fair warning to stay away from a trivial play or an ignorant performance, the manager may exclude him on the ground that the writer is "injuring the manager's business." If that position should be sustained it would kill all theatrical criticism and deal a deadly blow to the theatre, which lives upon publicity and discussion. If the managers had had common prudence they would never have raised the issue.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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IN DOUBT.

FIRST DUKE: Well, do you think Miss Van Gullion intends to buy you?

SECOND DUKE: My dear boy, I don't know. Some days I think she does; at other times I fear she is merely shopping.—*Hartford Times*.

EXCITING.

BROKER: Look here, boy, what makes you so excited this morning? Been reading dime novels again? OFFICE BOY: Naw. Been reading about de President's hunting trip.—*Chicago Daily News*.

JUDGE (to chauffeur who had been arrested for exceeding the speed limit): Is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed?

CHAUFFEUR: I wish that I might have had a Jones Speedometer on my car.

AN IRISHMAN'S REASON.

When the late Dr. Bartlett of Woburn was pension examiner under the Cleveland administration, he was one day examining witnesses. He asked one of them: "Terrence McCarty, do you swear that you know the applicant, Michael Murphy, who has made application for increase of pension?"

"You may well say that I do," said Terrence; "me and him were shot in the same leg at Antietam."—*Boston Herald*.

ALL THERE.

"Do you think that mosquitoes carry malaria?" "I dunno," answered Farmer Cornlossel. "They never took any away from here."—*Washington Star*.

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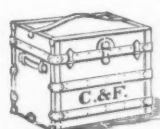
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A Trust in Trouble.

TWENTY-FOUR theatrical managers baked into a pie form the pretty dish which Mr. Metcalfe has set before the American people. Maybe "pickle" would help the metaphor, and possibly "roasted" would be an improvement over "baked"; but metaphors are of no particular moment. Every man familiar with the erudite and discriminating criticisms of Mr. Metcalfe knows that they are not abusive and that the action of the managers in excluding him was without warrant. Should the New York magistrate find the defendants guilty of the penal offense there will not be one tear of sympathy for them in the country.

They violated the cardinal principle of American fair play. No man or set of men can violate that principle with impunity. Independently of ethics, it is bad policy to do so. The theatrical managers have not "played the game." They proceeded upon a "sure thing" plan. Nothing is so sure of failure as a "sure thing" game. Whether they are convicted or not in the Magistrate's Court, the theatre-going public and the drama as an institution owe a debt of gratitude to the courageous young man who questioned the methods of the would-be throttlers and cinchers.—*St. Louis Republic*.

No such thing as "balking" and "doubling" with the Hunter One-trigger on the Smith Hammerless Shotgun—the greatest invention in the art of gun-making. An absolutely perfect mechanism, indispensable to a good marksman. Send for illustrated catalogue. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE.

Over Chatham way there is a farmer who was born with an affliction. One of his legs is longer than the other. A gentleman from Albany went over there last week to see about a summer boarding-place for his family. The ruralite is very touchy concerning his legs, but the Albanian didn't know it. He met the farmer at the hotel one night. "Will you tell me, sir, how it happens that one of your legs is longer than the other?" he asked. "Met with an accident when you were young, I suppose?"

"No, sir, 'twasn't no accident. They was made so at my request."

"Ha, ha! That's funny. Tell me about it."

"Well, sir, I wanted to be a farmer from the very day I was born. That right leg, the longest one, when I'm plowin', can go into the furrow, and the short one on top ground, by gosh, without bobbing up and down, like one of you ordinary city folks would do it. See?"—*Albany Journal*.

THERE'S no royal road to trout-fishing, but the game is half-won if you go after it with a Divine rod, backed up by a fair amount of horse-sense. Send for catalog. Fred. D. Divine Co., Utica, N. Y.

A WORTHY CHARITY.

A certain English actor, whose debts had made him an object of interest to various bailiffs, met a friend one day who asked him if he could spare ten shillings toward a fund with which to bury a bailiff who had just died.

"By all means," replied the actor; "here's twenty shillings—bury two."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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HIS razor—or so I have heard—
Was the dullest that ever appeared,
For it slid o'er his face
With a wonderful grace
And cut everything off but his beard.
—*Baltimore American.*

THOSE FOREIGNERS.

DOCTOR (after careful examination): Some foreign substance is lodged in your eye.

DENNIS: Oi knowed ut! That's what Oi git f'r wurrukin' wid them Dagoes!—*Cleveland Leader.*

"KUROPATKIN had a close shave and is now in great danger." He probably tried a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap.

FULL MOON.

A New York man named Tompkins starting on a trip South fell in with an old acquaintance, and was surprised to learn that the man he had known for so many years was just starting on his wedding tour. Congratulations followed, says the *New York Tribune*, and when the old friend mentioned the name of his bride, the daughter of an extremely wealthy man, Tompkins exclaimed:

"Well, you are indeed a fortunate man!"

The bridegroom gave a smile of modest satisfaction, and soon after excused himself to return to his wife.

When Tompkins and his traveling companion were alone, the companion remarked:

"Appears to have struck it pretty rich, eh?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed Tompkins. "Of my personal knowledge I should say that the girl is worth several millions."

"And so he is on his honeymoon?" added the New Yorker.

"Honeymoon?" repeated Tompkins, with a burst of enthusiasm. "Why, I call it nothing less than a harvest-moon!"—*Youth's Companion.*

HOPELESS.

JESS: I'm afraid that I'll never learn to swim.

SEE: Why not?

"Tom won't let go of me long enough."—*Cornell Widow.*

ONE of the most attractive illustrated tourist books of the season has just been issued by the Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company, whose magnificent Steamers ply daily between the points named, leaving each city in the evening and arriving early the following morning. Tickets reading over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R.R. are accepted on these Steamers without extra charge. Send four cents in stamps to cover postage for "Summer Tours" to W. F. Herman, G. P. A., Cleveland, O.

NO HELP FOR IT.

MAGISTRATE: You say your machine was beyond your control?

CHAUFFEUR: Yes, your honor. If I could have controlled it, the cop wouldn't have caught me.—*New York Mail.*

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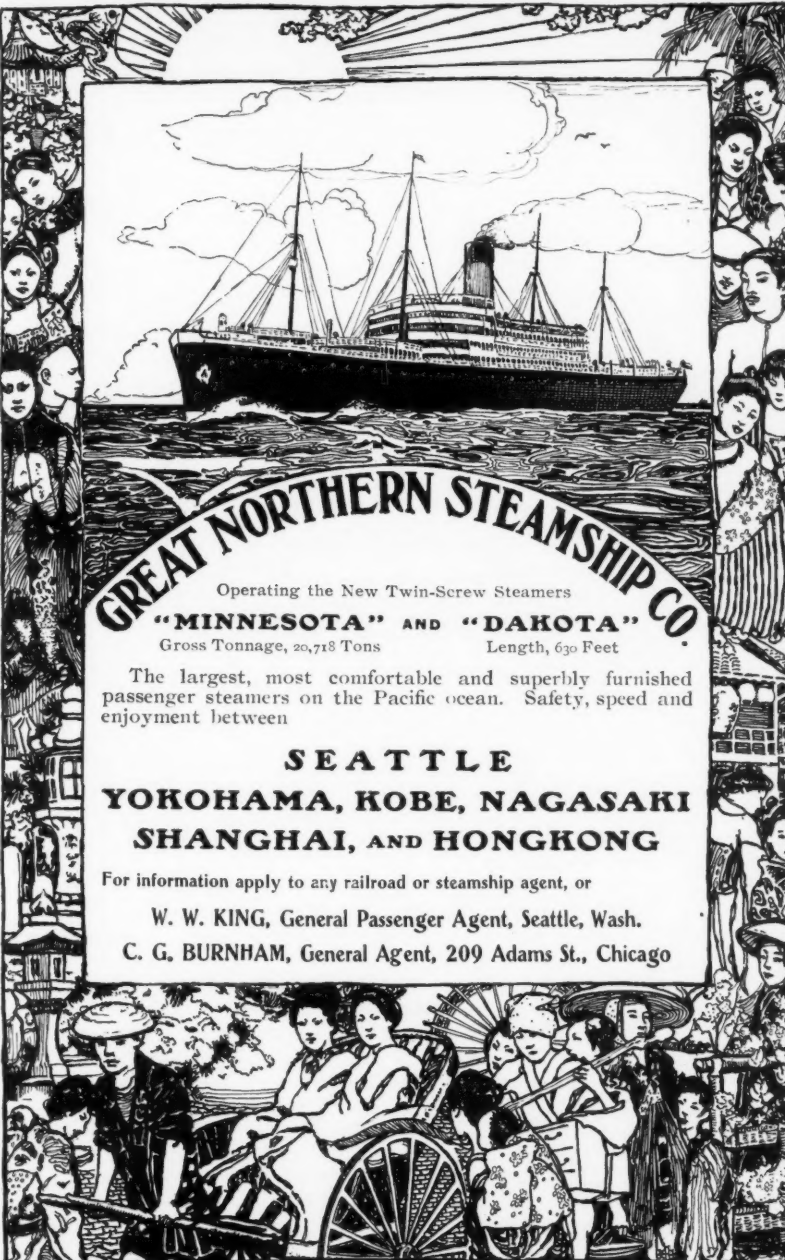
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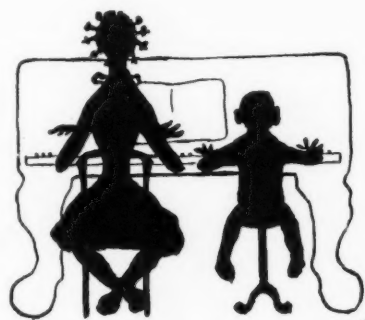


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A WEDDING MARCH.

ASBURY PARK BOOKLET.

Descriptive Publication issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on account of the Meeting of the National Educational Association.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive booklet descriptive of Asbury Park. The publication is designed to present the attractions and claims of Asbury Park as a Summer seaside resort, and also to announce the reduced rate arrangements on account of the meeting of the National Educational Association, which will be held at Asbury Park July 3 to 7.

Persons desiring information concerning this popular resort may obtain a copy of the booklet by enclosing two cents in postage stamps to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, Pa.

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